Scratches Always Heal

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Scratches Always Heal

by raven_333

Summary

Will Graham is a teacher and is generally well reserved. He works as a special agent that profiles for the FBI. One day at his house in Wolf Trap, Virginia, he encounters a feral, odd looking cat that suddenly scratches him. Blood welts to the top layer of his skin in a nasty formation of 3 parallel lines. He thinks nothing of it until later that day, he passes out in his house while his dogs scurry around him, worrying about his fever addled state. He wakes up later in the morning of the next day, feeling... odd. His gaze is lower than usual and his sense of smell, taste, and hearing are suddenly upped by 100x! He quickly jumps out of his bed but lands much lower than he expected. Scared, perplexed, and frightened out of his mind, he only has one idea of where to go in the face of this unexpected change. Hannibal's house...

UPDATE: on hiatus (for now)

Notes

I DONT OWN HANNIBAL NOR ANY OF THE CONCEPTS IN THIS STORY

thanks :)

this is my first fic so I hope it's good. i just wanted 2 write what I wanted to see more of and read so i hope yall like it :))))

Chapter 1

Will Graham wakes up on the Wednesday morning in the middle of a temperate spring season. It's not his favorite, but he accepts it because, really, does he have a choice?

As he goes about his normal routine for the morning, changing his sheets (which were sweatily drenched from his nightmares), making a pot of coffee and gulping it down in the hopes it wakes him up, and feeding his pack of dogs (family), he really decides he doesn't want to go to work.

Mostly in fear of encountering the decrepit Jack Crawford again. The profiler knows that Jack secretly has something against him and just uses him until there isn't anything left to use, sucking him dry of all his energy and upping his empathy and leaving him on that hill until he's stuck with the killers he was made to profile. He knows he can leave anytime, stop the torture, but would feel definitely guilty about those he leaves behind, and as Jack so carefully puts it, to die.

But he goes anyways.

I mean, who doesn't need the money? He needs to feed his dogs but the chance of a meet with Hannibal wouldn't be the worse as his session had felt more friendly these past few.

""*

He teaches that day, as he usually does. Going on about the most recent killings, the Chesapeake Ripper. Will has been in and out of that mind far enough and far too long to be healthy but he desperately wants to catch him, and so does Jack.

Will does the usual, teaching is easy for him. It doesn't involve speaking directly to people, making eye contact, having to maintain the so dreaded social formalities of the world that people expect him to uphold. It's more like he's speaking at them instead of to them. And luckily for Will, he doesn't have to speak to them anytime with his defensive walls he successfully builds between him and his students as well as in his mind. After fending off the regular questions for the day from his students, the ones that didn't quite listen in class, he

heads off. Rushing to the parking lot and his car before anyone can catch him, or god forbid, try and talk to him.

After effectively avoiding any overly friendly on-go'ers, he heads home in his dingy and quite shabby looking car. He knows how to fix a car and its basic needs but nothing beyond that really. All he really knows is boats, and those sort of mechanics, but just enough to transfer over to car mechanics. So, the front bumper is a bit off-kilter and he doesn't really care for it because as long as it runs, right?

""*

Although it takes about and hour, if not more, to get from Quantico to Wolf Trap, he still makes it before sunset and has plenty of time left in his day. And so, he decides to do the one, if not the top, favorite hobbies to do. Fish.

And so he pulls out of his parking lot after settling in at home, in his car and heads over to the lake near his house. His boat, slowly bobbing in the water from the last time he took it out, welcomes him. The water brings an honest and calm breeze over his mind which is so often made distressed by his high levels of empathy and the killer's shoes it's so forcefully made to step into.

And so, after stepping onto the boat, tackle box and all, he makes his way out into the gentle wading water of the lake. This time, he's hoping to catch something for dinner tonight, not that he can cook anything extremely well, but that matters not. As long as it feeds him and doesn't taste like shit, he'll eat it.

After about an hour or so later, of nothing but one average sized trout, he decides to pack it in. He knows it's not very legal to take one but, who's watching?

Making his way back to the shore, he spots something in the far distance.

Is that a cat? Will thinks.

Yes. Yes it is.

A starkly black cat with glowing blue eyes, gazing at Will intently. Almost as if sensing that he has something to eat, like his prized singular trout. As he approaches the end of the lake, the cat stays where it is, almost as if it were a statue and not living at all. He packs up his belongings as well as tidies up his boat and steps out carefully of the boat. He's not very great with cats but he assumes he can try because he's pretty great himself with dogs, so how different can they be?

"Hey buddy, what are you doing? You hungry?" He pondered.

Steadily approaching the wary cat, he retrieves the trout he caught earlier and holds it out for the cat to sniff. It looks cautious, as any would, he assumes, but takes a bite. Will is quickly grateful for the cat's forgivingness and tries to pet it as it seems to have lowered it's defenses and less on guard than it did before.

Though, that was a huge mistake.

The cat quickly notices Will's hand coming for it's body and defensively scratches at his hand, hissing simultaneously. He quickly steals his hand back, dropping the fish in his other hand onto the ground and swiftly backs down.

Taking steps back to distance himself from the cat, he takes a looks at the scratches inflicted on his arm and notices the blood welting from the trio of scratches. He knows that feral cats can be pretty dirty and he knows he should clean it out.

He doesn't.

It's fine, Will thinks, *it's just bleeding, it won't get any worse.*

He wipes the wound down with the end of his shirt and look up towards where the cat had just been, but it's obvious absence of the darkly coated, blue eyed cat is greatly noticeably

against the now darkening wild background as well as his one fish. He makes his way back, with no fish (no dinner, now), sadly with the pain on his hand growing minutely, not enough to hurt greatly but just enough to be annoying.

Will doesn't think much of it though, he thinks it's probably normal as he hasn't encountered a cat in a while, at least not enough for one to scratch him.

""*

Fatigue from the day catches up to him after he finishes showering and feeding his dogs. He feels... awfully tired and clammy, actually. More than usual. Which is... odd to say the least but not starkly.

As he approaches his bed in the living room, his vision starts to blacken with spots gathering in his line of sight, he catches one solid glance at his now gushing hand wounds before passing out on the floor with dogs rushing to his side, yipping with concern of their owner.

""*

Will wakes with his head pounding, he hasn't opened his eyes yet, the light already blinding from inside his eyelids. As he peeks open his eyes, squinting, he notices the sharpness of his vision. Next the heightened hearing as he can notice all that going on in his house with an overwhelming sense of realization. He's quickly overcome with anxiety and concern about himself but mostly about what happened.

He lifts his head only to notice the shortness of his stance and the odd feeling of his body. He's only about 6 inches from the ground from his usual closer to 6 feet. His eyes widen in curiosity and worry. Looking down, he also notices that his... feet... are no longer feet but paws. Almost as if from a cat?

No, what-I-I don't understand? Wh-what is going on?! Will thinks terrifyingly. *This has to be some sort of nightmare or hallucination...* He rushed over towards the nearest mirror, startling and tripping over his new quadrupedal movement until he saw himself.

In the morning light, he saw a cat... With glimmering brown fur and stark blue eyes staring back at him. He hissed on instinct at it and was frightened by his own action. Not knowing what to do but stand still while staring blankly at the (his?) reflection. His dogs gathered around, sniffing the new creature in their home, on guard, but recognizing the scent of their owner, held no concern to the feline in front of them.

Without Will knowing what to do, he only knew one place he could go.

Hannibal's.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> i dont know how often these chapters are gonna be posted but i think mostly around weekends but i will try to during weekdays but ima write when i can cuz this is actually kinda fun. i really hope my family doesn't find this 😭

Will rushed out his front door, leaping for the lock by some stroke of luck and unlocking it. He was still in quite a bit of shock for his new body. Will still thought this was a hallucination or some bad dream, but the feeling of the earth beneath his is more real than any dream he's ever had before. The agent, now turned cat (*maybe*?) glanced at his car, parked in the drive way before deciding against it because if this really was real, and he really now was a cat, he would not be able to operate a car. And so, he ran, far, without thinking about it. His legs carried him automatically to where he knew Hannibal resided.

Before he knew it, he was already at Hannibal's front door before reconsidering in the moment...

What about Jack? No, that is probably the last place I would want to go... Alana? Beverly? No, I don't quite think they would understand or be able to help me properly.

Will really knew that deep below, he only wanted to go to Hannibal because he reminded him of stability. His whole person exuded a confidence that helped Will relax. His movements were done with careful decision and were precise, like he always planned ahead. And those movements and confidence in his ability led to represent stability in Will's mind.

Although, now that he thought about it, how would he get his attention? It's not like Will could ring the doorbell, it's way too far up. So he did the only think he could think of.

He tried to speak but was suddenly shocked with the sound that came out of his mouth instead. A light-hearted meow with undertones of stress and worry came out. He was suddenly exasperated with his own bodily functions and the fact he couldn't help himself. He hated relying on other people and the self-reliance that was so heavily instilled in him since

childhood made him reject any help that people offered. But in this moment, his mind wasn't in the right state and he couldn't think straight with all of the senses, the newfound body, and loss of the old one (*possibly?*) that skewed his train of thought.

Before he could turn away, he heard the calculated footfall of Hannibal with his ears turning towards the sound. The door suddenly opened, snapping Will out of his thoughts and promptly bringing him back to the present moment. Him, at Hannibal's door, at what had to be at least 4am, too early for anyone but for some reason Hannibal came to the door.

For a second, Hannibal looked confused, out at the empty space in front of him and looked down to try and help explain the meowing at his door. With a still blank expression, he stood there, with piercing eyes down at Will as if stunned by the sudden appearance of a cat. Will knew that brown cat were very uncommon but he didn't think it would leave Hannibal staring at him like this. He felt uncomfortable under his penetrating gaze and squirmed below the sudden pressure that formed in the air.

Will takes him Hannibal's appearance at once, only making eye contact for a split second before returning it to his chin. Hannibal was ruffled in his expensive matching pajama set (*as Will would have predicted someone like Hannibal wore to bed*). His hair was splayed in front of his face instead of the usually slicked back and styled look. It looked good and it suited him just as well as his normal, everyday style did.

With the moment going on for far too long, Hannibal crouched down to get closer to face level with Will. The profiler's eyes widen with the sudden change of positioning but he doesn't move from his place, swiftly frozen and stuck from moving.

"Do you want to come in kačiukas?" Hannibal said amusedly in his accented voice.

He moves away from the door and beckons the unknown cat in, keenly observing it in it's natural state as Will saunters in hesitantly. Thought the same could be said about Hannibal, Will suspects that he never really had pets and wouldn't appreciate the fur all over his priceless furniture because he certainly doesn't take Will's clothes in, covered in dog fur, very kindly. It's in that same moment that he crosses the threshold to his house that he realizes all the energy he burned getting here. His conscience carried him throughout and he didn't take a single mind to think of the bodily consequences, and it all catches up to him now.

"Got any food?" Will asks. But really it comes out more like an imploring meow for Hannibal.

As if he could read the profiler's mind, he seems to understand and goes to his kitchen to grab some food. it might just be his eyes, or even his meow, or his body expression but Will likes to believe that he often can read minds with how accurate his thoughts can be towards those subjects.

Hannibal comes out with a dish of food, presented in a modest plate. A simple meal consisting of a cut of meat and other ingredients Will can even begin list. It looks absolutely delicious, and he honestly starts to drool in his forgotten hunger that was brought upon by his traveling. As he sets down the plate for Will to eat, he immediately starts to shove the food down his throat in an action bereft of any sort of manners he had tried to keep in the past. The taste is immaculate as the meat seemingly dissolves in his mouth and the other compliments easily bring out the best in the meal.

As soon as he sees him bring the plate down, Hannibal leaves, presumably, to get ready for the day since it is technically the middle of the week (close) and he, of course, has a job to be at. He bounds up the stairs and Will can hear the shower starting somewhere up there, he doesn't imagine what comes next. That would simply be... gross, but not entirely. *Wait... What? What am I thinking?*

He needs to summon his attention to the matter at hand. Especially with the situation he is currently in, he needs to keep a clear mind with a clear focused goal in order to achieve it and be back to his normal self at once, if that's possible. He really hadn't thought about that yet. What if he can't change back? What if he's stuck in the body of a cat forever? I mean... would that be bad? He wouldn't have to work, or worry about talking to people. He could just knock things off of shelves and roll over on his back when people try to reprimand him. Could it be that bad?

Yes! *I need to really get back to myself,* he thinks, frustrated that his mind is being overrun with such a primitive way of thinking.

In the meantime, while Will tried to think of ways to change back, or if he could, he wandered around Hannibal's house. He really hadn't been around here much. Maybe once or twice but nothing more. He visited the kitchen, obviously one of the more loved rooms in the house, adorned with an expansive and honestly impressive amount of tools compared to his

own, the bathroom, the sitting area, and pretty much all he could. Though, he quickly got bored of it even with it's great size, it was quite boring. Unconsciously, really, he had been rubbing the side of his face over every surface he could reach, and without noticing it himself, the urge resided and he just blamed it on getting bored. And so, contented with his assumed ennui, and with the feeling of a warm meal inside of him he felt the tendrils of sleep grasping at his consciousness he really let the more human part of his mind slip.

As he did earlier, but in a much more conscious manner, he succumbed to sleep. Finding a comfortable spot on Hannibal's fancy couch before he could come down and say anything about it and possibly his fur (*oh god, he really did have fur now, didn't he?*) all over.

He falls asleep, comforted by the warmness in his belly and the contented by his surroundings.

""*

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> I AM SO SORRY I LET THIS PAUSE GO ON FOR SO LONG! i dont know if anyone is reading this fr but i just got like super bored with it and this chapter wuz kinda LAME! so i stopped but here it is and i think the next one will be better. on skibidi. ANYWAYS WHOS EXCITED MY BLUE EYED KING IS BACK. GOJO. hope he doesn't die again.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will woke slowly, with the sensation of someone next to him. He came to realize that it was in fact Hannibal sitting next to him. His scent, prominent in his new feline form. He also became aware that Hannibal was slowly caressing his head, in a slow reassuring pet. One you might give to a docile animal, which Will realized he now was perceived as. It was honestly really relaxing, in a way Will never knew pets could be. It put his worries to rest and put him into a trance-like state where he had quickly become helpless to the caress.

As he stopped, Hannibal’s maroon eyes shone as he focused onto Will's blinking blues. Still hazy with sleep, he caved into his new animal nature and stretched his legs with no effort and yawned wide, showing off his white, sharp teeth.

Will presumes that it’s still early in the morning as Hannibal hasn’t left yet and waits with stares until one speaks, or does anything really, to start and interact.

Eventually, as if he finally noticed that he is the only one capable of speech in this situation, Hannibal explains his plans, “I’ve already inquired with a colleague of mine to get you examined for any signs of ownership, I’m hoping to you do, I’m not sure what to do on the front of otherwise. But, in the case that you don’t… Well, I assume that is up to me. But, let us decide when the situation comes into hand, yes?” Hannibal’s mouth turns minutely at the end into a small smile given his power in the situation.

Wills mind burns with indignation with Hannibal’s obvious complex in power and resists rolling his eyes but seeing as he is currently in his care, he doesn’t have much of a choice in

whether or not to be rude. With pleading eyes, Will silently begs Hannibal to understand his situation even with no hope in accomplishing it. Hannibal only stares back with a blank expression on his face. Walls clearly erected already and mask slid on even in the comfort of his own home in front of an animal.

~~*

The car ride there was uneventful, not as if much talking could have been done in the first place. Though Will has always appreciated that he could be silent with Hannibal, inexplicably, it just felt right around the man. He wasn't ever there to judge him on the fact that sometimes, silence was better in the moment.

Since Hannibal didn't own any pets, nor planned to, he didn't have anything to carry Will in. Instead, opting for a simple towel. One of his older ones, not risking any chance of stray cat hair to ruin his newer ones. Regardless, Will wasn't planning on running away anytime soon. He had just grappled onto the man, him being the only person he could trust in the moment, like a life-line. Will's predicament had already left him feeling stressed and anxious, no reason to make it any more by leaving the one thing he could hold onto.

By the time they arrived at his 'colleague's' office, Will hadn't even noticed that time had flown by, opting, instead, to stare out into the sky with the rising sun doing its rounds to warm the cool ground left from night.

As Hannibal carried him out, still wrapped in the towel, his mind sort of, blanked… The situation at hand really sunk in. He is a cat. Being carried by his therapist into, presumably, a Veterinarian's office to be checked. He might stay this way, maybe not. But the fact that there is even a chance he could stay in this body, never returning to being a human again, is a terrifying reality.

While toiling about his thoughts of his new *feline* body, he involuntarily let out a small whimper from the back of his throat before he could control himself and hold it back. Too busy having an internal crisis to notice, the whimper was subsequently heard by Hannibal, currently holding him. Waves of anxiousness rolled off of him and could be felt, his body tensed, fur raised and tail still. Trying to soothe him, Hannibal started petting Will, hoping to give a reprieve and settle his worries. Though it worked a short bit, the feelings of impending doubt of the current situation still lingered.

As they walked into the looming building, Will couldn't help but wonder where he had gone wrong.

~~*

The Veterinarian's office trip was a simple one. Hannibal had conversed with the receptionist and they had to only wait a short while until being seen, mostly due to connections, Will can only assume. The tech and assistant were pleasant people by what he could judge in his state. Still worried and anxious, he was dealt with kindness and understanding, the doctors considerate of how a feral cat could be feeling at that moment.

They spoke shortly, remarking on how a brown cat is very rare and that Hannibal should consider himself lucky for coming across one. Will wasn't very appreciative. But the conversations didn't last very long.

They checked the routine things, heart rate, blood pressure, for fleas, and others. Giving Will his shots, as well as finding his gender and his parts normal. Finding him perfectly healthy, all except for his stress, which was normal, he was a free cat. Not to mention he also didn't have a microchip (of course) and no former nor current owner, leaving Hannibal to the decision on what to do with him.

It was a moment of silence before he said anything.

"I suppose I can look after him." He replied to the vet.

"Yes, well, you'll have to be set up with all the materials and supplies that come along with owning a cat, of course. I can set you up with some recommendations but other than that, you're free to take him home." The tech said, hopeful that Hannibal would be a good owner. Even on a first glance, he had seen that. It's likely the vet had known Hannibal some time prior and Hannibal had trusted him enough to take Will there, even if he thought it was just a stray.

Will was past his point of staying awake, adrenaline leaving his system quickly, he felt his earlier will to stay awake leaving him as well. The one thing he knew about cats was just how much they slept, even with his earlier nap, he felt tired still. So, giving in, he fell asleep.

~~*

Hannibal observed the cat on the table, now asleep, his eyes settled and his breathing steady. He didn't quite know how to deal with his new ownership. He had animals previously in his life, horses, barn animals, but not recently.

Though, he could remark on how the cat was very unique. It was true, he was lucky to have come upon such a regal and beautiful looking cat. Brown was a very unusual and rare color in cats, and his crisp blue eyes oddly reminded him of Will Graham.

He could take care of it, he muses. He never really quite cared for animals, not having any sort of attachment important enough to care about any of them, nor the hair and messes they left behind, but he did have an entertaining relationship with the cat so far. It amused him, its anxiousness and potential to be a nice housemate. Perhaps Alana or Will would appreciate a new pet, though he could hardly keep such a small cat in a house ruled by dogs. But, he always did have a pension for strays.

Hannibal cleared his mind and focused on the tech, still writing the list of recommended supplies for him to buy, money really wasn't any sort of problem for him, so he wouldn't have any worries anyways.

The doctor turned back around, a relaxed smile on his face.

"Here you go, everything you need should be on there. Feel free to let him explore your home first and settle into his environment first to help ease him into his new home."

"He had already marked his claim on my home, very happily, I might note. Thank you very much for checking him on such short notice, I'd be happy to have dinner with you sometime."

“Oh, don’t worry about it. I think he’s very cute in my opinion,” He answered, petting the cat. “and it’s a joy to help any animal, especially one as lovely as this one.”, cooing at him.

Hannibal’s eyes soften, gazing at the cat.

“Well, I should be getting home. Still, thank you for your assistance.”

“No problem. Call the office number if there are any problems.”

“Of course, have a nice day.”

The vet nodded, agreeing. Leaving, Hannibal held the cat close. A new level of companionship formed, he observed the cat closely. His eyes twitched in his sleep, as well as his paws and body. His breathing is steady, through his nose, in and out. It was quite a delightfully charming sight.

~~*

Will woke to the sight of Hannibal, again, but this time he was settled on the couch inside his house. He was growing to quite like the sight, comforting in its own way with the interior being less detached than his own home but not without its own quirks.

As Hannibal noticed he was awake, he graced him with a small smile, his eyes creasing on his crows feet. It was something Will would like to see more on the man, it gave him a more human appearance and is vastly different from what he presents out to the regular world. Now that he thinks of it, not many have ever seen it. Will being one of the small few.

“Well, it would seem as if I am going to take care of you for the foreseeable future. I hope you can get comfortable here.” Hannibal noted warmly, though not one of genuine affection and love. No. If Will were to put it into words, it would be more like amusement, or commensalism. Maybe, if he were to benefit as well, it would be some sort of symbiotic relationship, which, Will was willing to bet, he most likely would given Hannibal's huge stockpile of money.

Though he was not surprised at the fact he didn’t have an owner, given that he was human just a night ago, he was still a bit shocked at the fact of ownership by someone else. It was different from what he had ever experienced in his human life, but in his new one, and hopefully not permanent, it gave him a sort of comfort. It was odd, being owned gave him a sense of solace, now that he had a backing and someone to come back to, it let him relax.

Will gave a huff of agreement at the new fact, and in response, Hannibal gave an equally approving hum. He moved to get off the couch, presumably to start some work, but before he could Will reached out with his paw. Not using his claws in consideration of Hannibal's clothes, he gently grazed the sleeve.

Mreow

Hannibal looked down at him, interest in his eyes, as Will gave a final rub with his head to the sleeve. His brain had honestly gone dormant after a while with all the stress he was going through and those last thoughts were truly the most he could function for now. So, to show his appreciation to the fact of helping him, he did what he could in his new form. A soft rub, affectionate and simple enough to get the point across.

The man stood there for a quick second, while Will settled back into his spot on the couch, silently watching him, curiosity lingering in his stance, before retreating to his study.

Before Will knew it, he was asleep once again. He hadn’t noticed it earlier, but he had slept the whole day away, not bothering with his appetite or anything else, he had slept it away in his anxiety.

Hopefully the next day would prove better. As he laid, eyes slowly drifting closed, reaping the sunset for good luck, he aspired for better days ahead.

Chapter End Notes

hannibal: i like this cat, yea, he pretty sigma

will: i am sigma cat, alpha of the Lecter home

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> hey, i know youre reading, im watching you. SHOUT OUT TO MY READER RYLAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNN

With his senses now on edge, he sets down his tools and meat, readying himself for a conflict as he sets out into the living room. His back hunched and his center of gravity lowered, his muscles coiled and tightened. Hannibal's stance moved into one ready for a head on collision. He removes his human suit and keeps vigilant as the noises grow nearer. Now that Hannibal had gotten closer to the living room, he could hear the moaning more clearly. It was accompanied by the rustling of his pillows.

But an odd smell comes to his nose, one of Will Graham, intermingled with the smell of a feline. Specifically, one he had just come to remember, his new pet.

What an odd combination, Hannibal deliberates as he steps closer each second. But the most pertinent thing on his mind is why Will is in his home right now. He was sure that he locked the door as well as the windows and any other entrances to his home. Not that he leaves them unlocked in the first place, but he didn't even hear him come in.

Approaching the doorway, he spots Will's brown curls peek over the couch top as well as hears some of his mutterings. Though he also eyes a pair of something there that doesn't quite belong in that head of hair.

"What the fuck…"

Realizing Will doesn't quite know how he got in here either, and that he should try to take a gentler application to his actions, he decides to stand straight and talk to him. Maybe he can get some answers.

"Hello Will"

~~*

"What the fuck…"

Ever since he woke up from that nap only a short minute ago, only - vaguely - remembering what had happened, he is utterly confused. He knows he woke up a cat, but now he's waking up as a… human again?

Looking down at his *human* hands, he notes how he is starkly naked and on Hannibal's couch. He is in Hannibal's house, in his living room naked. Not only that, but how is he ever going to be able to explain how he is here, replacing his new cat. How would anyone in their right mind believe him!?

He moans from the confusion and a sudden round of nausea hits him, not used to being in a human body and switching back so quickly had given him a bit of whiplash. Will sits up and in his disorder doesn't recognize the figure off to his right. Hannibal.

"Hello Will"

He startles at the sound of his voice, swiveling his head towards the source. He quickly grows a furious blush at the sight of the man due to his nakedness. Hannibal also takes notice, though he doesn't take more than a quick second to glance over his naked body before regaining his mask and keeping his sights on Will's face.

"Oh, uhm. Hi, Dr. Lecter." He replies with a false sense of bravado. Will realizes quickly that Hannibal's first thoughts are probably that he had broken into his home and laid on his couch naked, which is even worse than whatever he had thought before possible.

"Will, if I may ask, what are you doing on my couch? Naked?"

"Well, that's a pretty complicated question don't you think?"

"I believe it is quite simple, actually. It's not as though I don't enjoy your company… It's just that I have lots of questions on my mind right now."

“Yes, well… You *see*... ” He tapers off at the end, mumbling to himself about feral cats, blinding pain, and gushing wounds.

“Have you seen my cat, perchance? He was just here. I suspect you might have something to do with that though.” Hannibal ends with pointing his own finger up onto his hair, gesturing for Will to check his own.

As Will reaches up to his head of messy curls, he feels a slight twitch where there would usually be nothing.

His heart stops and drops into his stomach.

Ears, he has fucking ears atop his head. Like a damn cat.

Not only had he transformed into a cat for a whole day, all because of some weird feral one he had only tried to help, but now that he was back, he had grown ears. The ears are furry, thin though, most similar to a regular house cat with some whiskers pointing out of the interior. They twitch as he feels around them and he can even feel it as if it was always there. Like he would his hand or another part of his body.

Now that he feels around his body, he realizes that he can feel something else down by the bottom of his spine. A furry cylinder - a tail, his mind provides - that swishes along the couch. Will quickly looks down at it, observing it’s brown color identical to his fur when he was a cat, and the way it connects into his body, attaching to his spine.

Trying to pry it out with his hands, as if it were attachable, pain shoots up his back and his body tells him to stop. Will eventually gives up but really has lost any hope of getting it off. *This is as normal as he will get,* he thinks tiredly.

Glancing back up at Hannibal, who has been standing there, he recognizes that he still has yet to explain his situation and is still exactly where he had left off. Naked.

“Would you like some clothes first? Maybe some food as well, I just finished making dinner. Then, I think, it would be easier for you to explain.” Hannibal interrupts Will’s thoughts with a way to make this easier for the both of them. Of course Hannibal is the sensible one in this situation, even with Will - his patient - naked on his couch, his new cat missing, and no way to discern how he got in or why he has ears and a tail of a cat, he is still, somehow more collected than any person would ever be in this case.

Will gets up slowly, his balance now much more improved with the new attachment of a tail, as Hannibal watches in immense interest of his appendages, his tail rigid behind him with his stress of the situation at the present. His tail curls around his leg, hugging it in an attempt to defend himself.

Now that he has them and has taken notice of them, he can feels his new ears flattening upon his head, blocking out much of the new sounds he had heard a moment before.

Ambling slowly towards the man, Will also attempts to make himself decent using his hands, embarrassingly enough, it really doesn’t do anything but make Hannibal look more and gather his attention to the fact that he is naked. The fact that Hannibal had now started to lead Will to his room and is also looking over his shoulder at him isn’t helping either.

At this point, Will has given up on trying to make sense of his situation. Now that hes in his - mostly - right mind again, he reflects on how this all started. With that damned cat. The cat had seemed normal enough at first, but ever since it scratched him his life has been hectic, not to mention he hasn’t been home and his dogs-

“Wait, wait about my dogs?” Will mutters aloud, coming to a full stop while half-way up the stairs behind Hannibal, who had stopped as well and turned around to face him.

“I was not aware you had been missing, though I’m sure they’re fine. I can call Alana to look over them, if it will help ease your anxiety.” He replies steadily. And, yes, honestly, it would. Having that all sorted would help him a whole lot in figuring out what happened in the first place and find out if he can ever be normal again.

“Yes, please, that would be a great help. Thank you.” He says, assured that Hannibal would get it done and soon enough too.

As Will finishes speaking, the man nods curtly and finishes walking up the stairs, the former following behind.

Hope blossoms and his stress eases, making way for hope that this could somehow be fixed with the help of his trusted friend.

.

Chapter End Notes

smegma. i hope you enjoyed. wills dogs are okay, dont worry. do you like his ears and tail? theyre gonna be important later *wink* 😜 bout to get kinda *freaky*

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> I AM SOSOSOSO SORRY I HAVENT UPDATED IN SO LONG. i just get really bad writers block and have like 0 motivation to do anything. happy 4th of july my fellow americans (if you are and if you arent.. uhm yeah happy 4th of july). i hope you all enjoy this chapter, worekd my damn ass off on this for like uhmmmm 40 minutes, maybe i should write more ^_^ wtv.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Walking into Hannibal's bedroom was something he really hadn't experienced before. It was clear the man had some wealth just based on his home on the exterior of his home, but his interior design had really just gleaned that fact. His room was decorated with various shades of deep browns and, what Will would describe as, a dull chocolate type color, as well as popping highlights of oceanic blue that stood out from the walls to the covers of his bed.

On the left, when you walk in, his king sized bed lays. On it, a splash of what Will could gleam as cobalt and navy on the overtop blanket and ottoman down at the foot of the bed. To his right, he could see a fireplace as well as two seats and a small table seated in the middle. Many dressers adorned the room, all in an elegant shade of polished brown wood, not to mention the lamps, paintings and mirrors that decorated the room.

Quickly trying to disperse all thoughts and focus on the task in front of him, Will cleared his throat and gained Hannibal's attention.

"Over here are my clothes, I'm sure I can find something that fits you just fine." Hannibal spoke as he strolled over to the closest to the left, sifting through his array. As he pulled away into Will's view, he had plucked out a plan t-shirt and comfortable sweatpants. He thought Hannibal never wore anything like it, and he never even imagined that he would even have anything of the sort in his possession. Then again, he is a man of many surprises.

It was hard to ignore the heady scent of Hannibal deeply entrenched in the room. Will breathed it in like an addict. He had never really recognized it before nor took a great notice of it. But now, it was as if it was so obvious that no one could ever ignore it. Will only wanted to get closer for a better smell, and as he did, he could pick out several heady scents. Though he didn't have a very developed olfactory pallet, he could smell the main components that made Hannibal's scent. He had a top note of sandalwood and also smelled of fresh linens as if he had just done laundry. In the middle, the less noticeable scent, was a sort of vanilla, and right below that on the base was a coppery blood smell.

It was the oddest thing, Hannibal smelling like blood. Now that he thought about it, the whole house had a lower less noticeable copper scent, more prominent on the first floor

though. For now, he would tuck the knowledge in his mind in a note to investigate later. After all, he had all of the time in the world, he had just been turned into a cat for god's sake, that scent was the least of his worries.

Will grabbed the clothes offered to him and looked towards the bathroom, then at Hannibal for permission. As he made eye contact with him, he noticed a possessive look in them while they locked onto Will, but as soon as he recognized it, it was gone. It was as if it was just a play of the lights, perhaps it had been. It was a peculiar look on him and Will had never really seen it on the man before, though it couldn't have been really there. Right?

The moment was over then, as Hannibal nodded and gave permission, and Will walked towards the bathroom and closed the door behind him, readying himself to put the clothes on. He hadn't really thought as to why he was naked, but chalked it up to him becoming a cat. It didn't feel as if he had been naked around Hannibal, it felt natural and the man didn't stare and his looks weren't perverted but were clinical. Again, he also chalked it up to his previous years of medical service and his experience in looking at naked bodies during his profession.

Will went to grab the clothes and set some of them down, but he caught the strong scent of Hannibal in the pile and it was even stronger now that he was in a smaller and a closed space.

It was as if a second nature came over him, another sense taking control of his body and he involuntarily dropped to his knees, the tile of the floor absorbing the sound and his knees taking the hit for the sudden drop. He just couldn't help himself. The scent was especially concentrated on the boxers that he had been lent and more so on the crotch area. Will was powerless to his actions now, he thought, really he just let himself fall into them, his hindbrain taking priority.

He smashed his face into the boxers, his nose rubbing against the crotch opening and taking in deep heavy breaths. Will was addicted as soon as he scented it. The irresistible aroma of Hannibal was intoxicating, he just had to get more. He grabbed the boxers and brought them closer to his face, sniffing as much as he could. As much as he could get. Will never thought anything could smell so…

Appealing.

No. This was more than just appealing, it was something else. Something else entirely. He was more like obsessed with chasing his scent. Then, as he got a last whiff in, something else kicked into his mind. His brain working to recognize something. A wild thought then appeared, so obvious as if it was supposed to be there the entire time, like it was the only logical thought ever.

*Hannibal was his. His true mate. His **only** mate.*

As that thought clicked into place, keeping it closer than anything Will had ever kept, he felt a sensation. A feeling he had never felt before, not since transforming. It was something… wet. Will could feel it, a sticky trail leaking from his asshole. He was - initially - stunned. Having no idea his body could do so and was put off by it, slowly streaming down his crack

and smearing on his legs. But as the initial shock wore off, his tail started wagging, swinging in the air and making an audible whooshing sound and his ears perked up.

Not only so, but Will could feel his face heat up at the prospect. Hannibal was just outside the door, but there was no way he could smell Will's… whatever it was. So, he continued dressing, trying to ignore the fact that his body and parts of his mind were betraying him and his still human nature as well as his humility.

He never thought that this "transformation" could have affected him so wholly. He thought that it would have just been the cat form, and that he may never have come back from it, not that his human body would have been intermixed with another species. *This whole situation is just fucked,* he thinks, *just another thing to go against me.*

Opening the door, he immediately spots Hannibal. The man was waiting outside just a few feet away, now that he looked him in the eye, he could spot another faint emotion on his face. Something akin to curiosity, another drip of possessiveness and the faintest stroke of… arousal? Was he reading him right? But as was before, the emotions quickly tamed themselves and Hannibal's face went placid with his mask now sliding back on.

What was that last emotion? There's no chance that Hannibal could have picked up the scent of Will's… slick? He thinks he's heard of that in women or in some animal from an article or book somewhere. But even if he could smell his "slick", why was Hannibal aroused by it? *It could be connected to the possessiveness that I was picking up earlier, maybe he recognized that I was smelling his underwear.* Worst case scenario, he brings it up, but Hannibal wasn't that type of person. At least to Will's knowledge.

With his actions at least somewhat recognized and his new body parts discovered, his fading flush comes back full force, enveloping his neck and shoulders in a pinkish red. Trying to dispel the awkwardness that his uncovered actions have brought, he clears his throat once again. As he readies to speak, Hannibal beats him to it.

"I believe it would be responsible if you stayed here, in my home. Simply for the purpose of me being able to observe your newfound body and its 'abilities'."

Oh.

That stunned him. But did it really? If his eyes from earlier were telling anything, it was that Hannibal had latched onto him ever since he came back to being somewhat human. Will's eyes averted from Hannibal's face and onto the floor, avoiding eye contact to try and keep the conversation from plummeting into the ground.

"Well, I don't know, I know my dogs are going to be taken care of and all but… I just-"

"Will, I really do think it would be best. You and I could both help each other in this case. You by learning what the changes are to your body and how they work and I could observe. I would simply benefit in knowing I helped you in some way shape or form."

At the last sentence, Hannibal's eyes soften and the crows' feet on either side crinkle, conveying the certainty in his words. Will can't help but notice this and fall right into his

trap, giving into his words.

“I guess that makes sense, I don’t really know how this happened either, so someone here to help me learn could ease the stress of all of this.” Will reasons, more to himself than Hannibal.

“Exactly, now let me finish dinner and we can eat together as well as discuss your situation further.”

Will nods in assent, willing to be pliable just for this moment. Falling back into Hannibal’s actions proves easier than he thought as his exhaustion catches up to him and he can feel his tail going limp at his back after he pulled it out of his pants earlier when dressing to avoid it becoming uncomfortable.

Walking downstairs, behind Hannibal, he can once again smell the man’s scent. The unavoidable pleasure he takes in it furthers his “slick” seeping out from his hole and riding down his pants and his tail starts lightly swishing despite his renewed fatigue. Now, he could also feel how hard he was, the noticeable tent in his pants now able to be seen and his slick able to be smelled even by himself. He quickly pulls his hands embarrassingly over his front in order to try and hide it, but most of everything in Hannibal’s space doesn’t go unnoticed - unfortunately for him.

This is going to be a long night.

Chapter End Notes

another chapter coming soon I PROMISE. i know at least one of yall is a loyal follower *cough cough* ...rylan... and i want you to know how much ILY. this chapter was dedicated to you and you motivate me every day to keep my writing up even if i am forced to write against my will by your provications. i love UUUUU <3

AUTHOR NOTES

Hi, so I don't think I will ever finish this! I really like the concept and all but my writing skills are... not great and neither is my motivation. So maybe someday I'll come back and finish this, but for now it will stay mine and up on the site. I have a short draft for the next chapter but I'm not sure it will ever be complete. Maybe the ao3 curse is real because two of my pets have died and my ED is kind of hitting hard and I'm not really looking for any sympathy or anything but I think I need to focus on recovering first before I get back in on the top of my game. I kind of thought I owed it to the tiny amount of people that do enjoy my work (no matter how amateur it is), and who find this work interesting. Thank you all for even just viewing this. I might write tiny one-shots here and there and maybe update this but, most likely, not in the near future.

Thank you, and with love,

raven <3!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!